

A. Lyndall England

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If you knowv not me,
You know no bodie :

Or,
The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.



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If you knowv not me,
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Or,
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Enter Suffex, and Lo: Chamberlaine.

Suffex.

Good morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham: Many good morrowes to my good Lord of Suffex,

Suff. Whose with the Queene my Lord.

Cha: The Cardinall of *Winchester*: The Lord of *Tame*: the good Lord *Shandoyse*: and besides,

Lo: *Howard*, Sir *Henry Beningfeild*, and diuers others.

Suff: A word my Lord in priuate.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse.

Shan: Touching the Queene my Lord who now sits hye,
What thinks the realme of Phillip th'Emperours sonne,
A marriage by the Counsell treated of?

Tame: Pray god 't proone well.

Suff: Good morrow Lords,

Tame: Good morrow my good Lord of Suffex.

Shan: I cry your Honors mercy.

Cham: Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

Tame: The like to you my Lord: As you were speaking.

Enter Lord Howard and Sir Henry Beningfeild.

Bening: Concerning *Wyat* and the Kentish rebels,
Their ouer-throw is past: The rebell Dukes that fought
By all meanes to proclaime Queene *Iane*, cheifely *Norhumberland*,
For *Gilfords* sake, he for't his brother Duke vnto that warre,
But each one had his merite,

Howard: Oh my Lord,

If you know not me,

The lawe proceeded gainst their great offence,
And 'tis not well since they haue suffered iudgment,
That we should rayse their scandall being dead,
Tis impious, not by true iudgment bread.

Suff: Good morrow my Lord, good morrow good Sir *Henry*.

Bening: Pardon my Lord, I sawe you not till now.

Chamb: Good morrow good Lord *Howard*.

How: Your honors; The like to you my Lords.

Tame: With all my hart Lord *Howard*.

Cham. Forward I pray.

Suff: The suffolke men my Lord, was to the Queene
The very stayres, by which she did ascend:
Shee's greatly bound vnto them for their loues.

Enter Cardinall of Winchester.

Winch: Good morrow Lords, attend the Queene into the pre-

Suff: Your duties Lords-

(sence.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Tame bearing the purse: Shandoyse the Mace: Howard
the Scepter; Suffex the Crowne: then the Queene; after her
the Cardinall, Senth, Gage, and attendants.*

Quee: By gods assistance and the power of heauen,
We are instated in our brothers throane,
And all those powers, that war'd against our right,
By helpe of heauen and your freindly ayde,
Dispers't and fled, heere may we sit secure,
Our heart is ioyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

Enter Dodds.

Dodds: I doe beech your Maiesty peruse this poore petition.

Quee: O master *Dodds* we are indebted to you for your loue,
You stood vs in great stead euen in our ebb
Of fortune, when our hopes were nere declin'd,
And when our state did beare the lowest faile,
Which we haue reason to requite we know;
Read his petition my good Lord *Cardinall*.

Dodds: Oh, gracious Soueraigne, let my Lord the Duke haue
The perusing of t, or any other that is nere your grace,
He will be to our suit an opposite.

Winch: And reason fellow.

Madam,

You know no bodie.

Madam, here is a large recitall & ypbaying of your highnes Soueraignty, the Suffolke men that lifted you to the throne, and heere possesse you, claime your promise you made them about religion.

Dodds: True gracious Soueraigne;
But that we doe ypbayd your Maiesty,
Or make recitall of our deedes forepast,
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,
By loue, by faith, and by our dutie bound,
To you the next and true successiue heyre,
If you contrary this; I needs must say,
Your skillesse tongue doeth make our well tun'd words,
Iarr in the Princeesse eares, and of our text,
You make a wronge construction: Gracious Queene,
Your humble subiects prostrate in my mouth,
A generall suit when we first flockt to you,
And made first head with you at Fromagham,
Twas thus concluded, that we your leigemen
Should still enioy our consciences, and vse that faith
Which in King *Edwards* dayes was held Canonically.

Winch: May't please your highnes note the Comons insolence,
They tye you to conditions, and set lymits to your liking.

Quee: They shall know,
To whome their faithfull dutyes they doe owe,
Synce they the lymbes, the head would seeke to sway,
Before they gouerne, they shall learne t'obay:
See it seuerely ordred *Winchester*.

Winch: Away with him, it shalbe throughly scand,
And you vpon the pillory, three dayes to stand. (*Exit Dodds.*)

Ben: Has not your sister (Gracious Queene) a hand
In these petitions; well your highnes knowes
She is a favorite of these heretiques.

Winch: And well remembered, is't not probable
That she in *Wyatts* expedition,
And other insurrections lately queld,
Was a confederate; if yo ur highnes will your owne estate preserve,
You must foresee fore-danger, and cut off all such
As would your fastie preiudice.

If you know not me,

Bening: Such is your sister,
A meere opposite to vs in our opinion, and besides
Shees next Successiue, should your maiesty dye yssules,
Which heauen defend,

Omnes: Which heauen defend,

Bening: The state of our religion would decline.

Quee: My Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*,
You two shall haue a firme Commission seal'd,
To fetch our sister young *Elizabeth*
From *Ashbridge* where shee lyes, and with a band
Of armed souldiers to conduct her vp to *London*,
Where we will heare her.

Sentlo: Gracious *Queene*, she only craues but to behold your face,
That she might cleare her selfe of all supposed treasons,
Still protesting, she is as true a Subiect to your Grace,
As liues this day.

Winch: Doe not you heare, with what a sawcye impudence,
This *Sentlow* heere presumes.

Quee: Away with him, ile teach him know his place,
To frowne when we frowne, smile on whome we grace.

Winch: Twilbe a meanes to keepe the rest in awe,
Making their foueraignes brow, to them a lawe.

Quee: All those that seeke our sisters cause to fauour,
Let them be lodged.

Winch: Young Courtney earle of *Denonshire*,
Seemes cheifly to affect her faction,

Quee: Commit him to the Tower,
Till time affordes vs and our Counsell breathing space.
Whence is that Post?

(A Horne within.)

Const: My Soueraigne, It is from *Southampton*.

Quee: Our Secretary, vnseale them and returne
Vs present answere of the contents;
Whats the mayrie busines?

*(She speaks to the
Lo: Constable.)*

Const: That *Phillip* Prince of Spaine,
Sonne to the Emperour, is safely arriu'd,
And landed at *Southampton*.

Quee: Prepare to meete him Lords with all our Pompe,

How: Prepare you Lords with our fayre *Queene* to ride,

And

you know no bodie.

And his high princely state let no man hide,

Queen. Set forward Lord, this sudden newes is sweete,
Two royall Louers on the way may meete. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter M. Gage, and a Gentlewomen.

Gage. Good morrow Mistresse, came you from the Princesse?

Wom. Master Gage, I did,

Gage. How fares her Grace?

Wom. O wondrous crazey, gentle master Gage,
Her sleepes are all vnquiet: and her head
Beats and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

Gage. God grant her comfort, and releafe her paine:
So good a Ladie few on earth remaine.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. O Arme, arme, arme.

Gage. How now what's the matter?

Clowne. O Lord the house is beset, souldiers are as hote as fire,
Are ready to enter euery hole about the house,
For as I was a'th topp of the stacke, the sound of the drumme
Hott me such a Box a'th Eare, that I came tumbling downe,
The stacke with a thousand byllets a'th top on me, looke about,
And helpe for Gods sake.

Gage. Heauen guard the Princessse, grant that all be well,
This drumme I feare, will prooue her passing-bell.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse with souldiers, drum, &c.

Tame. Wher's the Princessse?

Gage. O my honor'd Lords,

(May I with reuerence presume to aske)

What meanes these armies: why doe you thus begirt,

A poore weake Lady, neere at point of death?

Shand. Resolue the Princessse we must speake with her.

Wom. My Lords, know there is no admittance to her presence,
without the leaue first granted from her selfe.

Tame. Goe tell her, we must and will.

Wom. Ile certifie so much.

Exit woman.

Gage. My Lords as you are honourably borne,
As you did loue her father, her, or her brother,

B

As

If you know not me,

As you doe owe aleagence to the Queene,
In pittie of her weaknes and low state,
VVith best of fauour, her commisserate.

Enter Woman.

Wom: Her Grace intreates you but to stay till morne?
And then your message shall be heard at full.

Shand: Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her.

Wom: Ile certifie so much.

Tame: It shall not neede, presse after her my Lord.

*Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owyn,
and Doctor Wendish.*

Eliz. VVe are not pleas'd with your intrusions Lords,
Is your hast such, or your affaires so vrgent,
That suddenly, and at this time of night,
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

Tame: Sorry wee are sweete Lady to behold you in this sad

Eliz. And I my Lords not glad. (plight.

My heart, oh how it beats.

Shand: Madam, our message and our dutie from our Queene,
VVe come to tender you: It is her pleasure,
That you the 7. day of this moneth appeare at *Westminster*.

Eliz. At *Westminster*? My Lords no soule more glad then I,
To doe my duetie to her Maistie,
But I am sorry at the heart, my heart, oh good *Doctor* rayse me:
Oh my heart, I hope my Lords, considering my extremitie and
weaknes, you will dispence a little with your hast.

Tame, Doctor Owyn, and Doctor Wendish,

You are the Queenes Physitions truly sworne,
On your allegiance, as before her highnesse you will answer it,
Speake, may the Princeesse be remoou'd with life?

D. Owyn. Not without danger Lords, yet without death,
Her feauer is not mortall; yet you see into what danger
It hath brought the Princeesse.

Shand: Is your opinion so?

D. Wend. My Iudgment is, not deadly, but yet dangerous,
No sooner shall she come to take the ayre
But she will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,
Her life is in much danger.

Tame:

you know no bodie.

Tame: Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuer
So strict a messuage.

Eliz. Nor I my Lords to heare a messuage deliuerd
with such strictnes; well, must I goe?

Shand: So sayes the Queene.

Eliz. VVhy then it must be so?

Tame: To morrow earely then you must prepare.

Eliz. Tis many a morrow since my feeble leggs,
Felt this my bodies waight: O I shall faint,
And if I taste the rawnesse of the ayre,
I am but dead, indeed I am but dead.

Tis late, conduct these Lords vnto their chambers,
And cheere them well, for they haue iorneyd hard,
VVhil'st we prepare vs for our morrowes lorney.

Shand. Madam, the Queene hath sent her Litter for you.

Eliz. The Queene is kind, and we will striue with death,
To tender her our life,
VVe are her subiect and obey her heft:
Good night, we wish you what we want,
Good rest.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Queene Mary, Philip, and all the
Nobles; but Tame, and Shandoyse.*

Queen: Thus in the face of heauen, and broad eye of all the
We giue a welcome to the Spanish Prince; (multitude,
Those plausiue shouts which giue you entertaine,
Ecchoes as much to the Almightyes eares,
And there they sound with pleasure, and excels
The claymorous trumpets, and loud ringing bells.

Phil. Thise excellent and euer gracious Princeesse,
Doubly famous for vertue and for beautie,
We imbrace your large stretcht honors with the armes of loue;
Our royall Mariage, treated first in heauen
To be solemniz'd here, both by Gods voyce,
And by our loues consent, we thus embrace:
Now Spaine and England two populous Kingdomes,
That haue a long time been oppos'd
In hostile emulation, shall be at one:
This shalbe Spanish England, ours English Spaine.

B 2

Queen.

If you know not me,

Queen. Hark the redoubling echoes of the people, (*Flourish.*)
How it proclaymes their loues; and welcome to this Vnion.

Phil. Then here before the Pillars of the Land,
We doe embrace and make a publike contract.
Our soules are ioyfull, then bright Heauens smile,
Whil'st we proclayme our new vnited Stile.

Quee. Read *Sussex.*

Sussex reads.

Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queene of Eng-
land, Spayne, France, and Ireland; King and Queene of
Naples, Sciscillia, Leon & Aragon, Arch-duke & Dukes
of Austria, Burgondy, of Brabant, Zeland, of Holland:
Prince and Princessse of Sweaue, Count and Countesse Has-
buidge, Maliorca, Sardinia, of the firme Land, and the
maine Ocean Sea; Palatins of Ierusalem, of Henolt; Lord
and Lady of Freeleland, and of the Isles: And Gouvernor and
Gouvernesse of all Africa, and Asia.

Omnes. Long liue the King and Queene,

A flourish.

King & Quee. We thank you all.

Con. VVhen please your Highnesse to solemnize this your
Nuptials?

Quee. The 25. day of this month Iuly.

Phil. It likes vs well: but royall Queene we want
One Lady at this high solemnitie:

VVe haue a sister call'd *Elizabeth*,

VVhose vertues and endowments of the mind,
Hath fill'd the cares of Spaine.

Winch. Great are the causes, now too long to say,
VVhy shee my Soueraigne should be kept away.

Con. The Lord of *Tame*, and *Shandoyse* are return'd.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse, and Gage.

Quee. How fares our Sister? Is she come along?

Tame. VVe found the Princessse sicke, and in great danger:
Yet did we vrge our strickt Comm fission:
She much intreated that she might be spar'd,
Vntill her health and strength may be restor'd.

Shan. Two of y our Highnesse Doctors we then call'd,

And

You know no bodie.

And charg'd them, as they would answere it,
To tell the truth, if that our iourneys toyle
Might be no preiudice vnto her life;
Or if we might with safetie bring her thence:
They answered, that we might; we did so,
Here she is, to doe her dutie to your Maiestie.

Quee: Let her attend, we will find time to heare her.

Phil. But royall Queene, yet for her vertues sake,
Deeme her offences, if she haue offended,
With all the lenitie a Sister can.

Que: My Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Suffex,
Lord Howard, Tame, and Shandoyse,
Take you Commission to examine her
Of all supposed Crimes; so to our Nuptials.

Phil. What Festiuall more royall hath been scene,
Than twixt Spaines Prince, and Englands Royall Queene.

*Enter Elizabeth, her Gentlewoman, and
three Household seruants.*

Exeunt.

Eliz: Is not my Gentleman Visier yet return'd?

Wom. Madam, not yet.

Eliz: O God, my feare hath been good phisicke,
But the Queens displeasure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-
Hath made me hart sick, brain-sick, & sick euen to death: (Otion,
What are you?

I Ser: Your hushold Officers, and humble seruants,
Who now your house faire Princeesse is dissolud
And quite broke vp, come to attend you grace.

Eliz: We thanke you, and am more indebred for your loues,
Than we haue power, or vertue to requite,
Alas I am all the Queens, yet nothing of my selfe,
But God and Innocence, be you my Patrons & defend my cause.
Why weepe you Gentlemen?

Cookes. Not for our selues, men are not made to weepe.
At their owne fortunes, our eyes are made of fire,
And to extract water from fire is hard,
Nothing but such a Princeesse grieve as yours,
So good a Ladie, and so beautifull, so absolute a Mistresse,
And perfect, as you haue euer been,

If you know not me,

Haue power to do't, your sorrow makes vs sad.

Eliz. My Innocence yet makes my heart as light,
As my front's heaue: all that heauen sends is welcome.
Gentlemen diuide these few crownes amongst you,
I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing,
I haue some friends about her Maiestie,
That are prouiding for me all things, all things:
I, euen my graue, and being posselt of that,
I shall need nothing; weepe not I pray,
Rather you should reioyce:
If I miscarrie in this enterprife, and aske you why,
A Virgine and a Martyr both I die,

Enter Gage.

Gage. He that first gaue you life, protect that life,
From those that wish your death.

Eliz. Whats my offence? who be my accusers?

Gage. Madam, that the Queen and Winchester best knowes.

Eliz. What sayes the Queene vnto my late petition?

Gage. You are deny'd that grace:

Her Maiestie will not admit you conference,
Sir *William Semlo* vrging that motion,
Was first committed, since sent to the Tower.
Madam, in briebe your foes are the Queenes friends,
Your friends her foes,
Six of the Counsell are this day appointed,
To examine you of certaine Articles.

Eliz. They shalbe welcome; my God in whome I trust,
Will helpe, deliuer, saue, defend the iust.

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tame,
Shandoyse, and Constable.*

Suff. All forbear this place vnlesse the Princess,

Winch. Madam, we from the Queene are ioyn'd *(They sit:
she kneels.*
in full Commission,

Suff. By your fauour good my Lord ere you proceed,
Madam, although this place doth tye you to this reuerence,
It becomes not you being a Princess, to deie't your knee,
Achaite there.

Eliz. My dutie with my fortunes doe agree,

And

You know no bodie.

And to the Queene in you I bend my knee.

Suff: You shall not kneele where *Suffex* sits in place,
The Chamber keeper, a chaire there for her Grace.

Winch: Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,
That 'twas eno^ug^t in this Commission,

Eliz: Know you your owne guilt my good Lord Chancellor,
That you accuse your selfe, I thinke not so,
I am of this minde, no man is my foe.

Winch: Madam, I would you wold submit vnto her highnes.

Eliz: Submit my Lord of Winchester, tis fit
That none but base offenders should submit,
No no my Lord, I easily spie your drift,
Hauing nothing whereon you can accuse me,
Doe seeke to haue my selfe, my selfe betray,
So by my selfe my owne blood should be spilt.
Confesse submission, I confesse a guilt.

Tame. What answere you to *Wiat*s late rebellion,
Madam, tis thought that you did set them on.

Eliz: Who is't will say so? men may much suspect,
But yet my Lord, none can my life detect,
I a confederate with those kentish rebels?
If I ere saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head,
Hath not proud *Wyat* suffered for his offence?
And in the purging both of soule and bodie for heauen,
Did *Wyat* then accuse *Elizabeth*?

Suff: Madam, he did not.

Eliz: My reuerent Lord I know it;

How: Madam, he would not.

Eliz: Oh my good Lord, he could not.

Suff: Tis the same day *Frogmorton* was arrain'd in the Guild-hall,
It was impos'd on him, whether this Princesse had a hand
With him or no; he did denie it,
Gleer'd her fore his death, yet accus'd others.

Eliz: My God be pray'd, this is newes but of a minute old.

Shand. What answere you to Sir *Peter Carew* in the west,
The westerne Rebels.

Eliz. Aske the vnborne Infant, see what that will answere,
For that and I, are both alike in guilt.

Let

If you know not me,

Let not by rigour innocent blood be spilt.

Winch. Come Madam, answer briefly to these treasons.

Eliz. Treason my Lords, if it be treason to be daughter
To th'Eight *Henrie*, Sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood vn-
to my gracious Soueraigne now the *Queene*, I am a Traitor: If
not, I spit at treason.

In *Henries* raigne this law could not haue stood,
O God that we should suffer for our blood.

Counst. Madam, the *Queen* must heare you sing another song
Before you part with vs.

Eliz. My God doth know, I can no note but truth,
That with Heauens King
One day in quiets of Angels I shall sing.

Winch. Then Madam, you'le not submit,

Eliz. My life I will, but not as guiltie:
My Lords, let pale offenders pardon craue,
If we offend, Law's rigour let vs haue.

Winch. You are stubborne, come let's certifie the *Queene*.

Tams. Rowme for the Lords there.

Exeunt

Eliz. Thou power eternall, Innocents iust guide, (*Counsell.*)
That swayes the Scepter of all Monarchies,
Protect the guiltlesse from these rauening lawes,
That hidious death presents, by Tyrants lawes,
And as my heart is to thee most pure,
Graunt me release, or patience to endure.

Enter Gage and Seruants.

Gage. Madam, we your poore humble seruants,
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,
To know how your cause goes.

Eliz. Well, well, I thanke my God; well,
How can a cause goe ill with Innocents,
They that to whome wrongs in this world are done,
Shalbe rewarded in the world to come.

Enter the six Counsellors.

Winch. It is the pleasure of her Maiestie,
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

Eliz. The Tower! for what?

(*ged,*

Winch. Moreouer all your household seruants we haue dishar-
Except

You know no bodie.

Thus did the Queene commaund,
And for your guard, a hundred Northen white cotes
Are appoynted to conduct you thither,
To night into your chamber, to morrow early prepare
You for the Tower, your barge stands ready
To conduct you thither.

See kneels.

Quee. Oh god my hart: A prisoner in the Tower,
Speake to the Queene my Lords, that some other place
May lodge her sister, that's too vild, too base.

Suff. Come my Lords, lett's all ioyne in one petcion
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

Winch. My Lord, you know it is in vaine,
For the Queenes sentence is definitiue,
And we must see't perform'd.

Eliz. Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,
To morrow to the Tower that fatall place,
Where I shall neuer behold the sunnes bright face.

Suff. Now god forbid, a better hap heauen send:
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend.

(Exeunt

(Omnes.

*Enter three white-cote souldiers with a
lack of beere.*

1: Come my masters you know your chardge, tis now about
A leauen, here we must wathe till morning,
And then carry the Princessse to the tower.

2: How shall we spend the time till morning?

3: Masse weele drinck and talke of our frendes.

2: I but my fiende, do not talke of state matters.

1: Not I, ile not meddle with the state,
I hope this a man may say without offence,
Prethee drincke to me.

3: With all my hart yfayth, this a man might lawfully speake,
But now, faith what wast about to say.

1: Masse I say this; That the Lady Elizabeth is both a Lady,
And Elizabeth, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princessse,
Were there any harme in that?

2: No by my troth, ther's no harme in that,
But beware of talking of the Princessse,
Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold,

C

1: Well

If you know not me,

1: Well fir I haue two sisters, and the one loues the other,
And would not send her to prison for a million, is there any harme
In this? ile keepe my selfe within compas I warrant you,
For I do not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters,
Ile keepe my selfe within my compas I warrant you.
2: I but Sir, that word sister goes hardly downe.
1: Why Sir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne,
I learn'd that of the Queene, ile keepe my selfe within compas
Ile warrant you.

2: I but Sir, why is the Princesse committed?

1: It may be she doth not know her selfe,
It may be the Queene knowes not the cause,
It may be my lord of Winchester does not know,
It may be so, nothings vnpossible to god,
It may be ther's knauery in Monckery,
Ther's nothing vnpossible, is there any harme in that?

2: Shoomaker, you goe a little beyond your last.

1: Why, in saying nothing's vnpossible to god,
Ile stand to it; for saying a truth's a truth, ile prooue it;
For saying there may be knauery in Monckery, ile iustifie it,
I do not say there is, but may be, I know what I know,
You know what you know, he knowes what he knowes,
Marry we know not what euery may knowes.

3: My masters, we haue talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1: I thinke so too, is there any harme in all this?

2: No harme ith world.

3: And I thinke by this time the Princesse is ready
To take her barge.

1: Come then let's goe, would all were well,
Is there any harme in all this? but alas wishes and teares
Haue both one property, they shew their loue that
want the remedy.

*(Exeunt
Omnes.)*

Enter Winchester and Beningfield.

Winch: Did you not marke what a pitious eye she cast
To the Queenes window as she past a long?
Fayne she would haue stayd, but that I caus'd
The bargemen to make hast and row away.

Bening: The bargemen were too desperate my Lord,

In

you know no bodie.

In staying till the water was so lowe,
For then you know, being vnderneath the bridge,
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,
And was in danger to haue dround vs all.

Winch: Well she hath scapt that danger,
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,
She only might rely vpon my loue,
To winne her to the fauour of the Queene.

Bening: But that will neuer be, this is my censure,
If she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wronges suruiue and light on her:
If other wayes that she be cleered,
Thus both wayes I wish her downe,
Or els her state to rayse.

*Enter Suffex, Tame, Howard,
Shandoyse, and Gage.*

Suff: Why doth the Princesse keepe her barge so longe,
Why lands she not? Some one goe see the cause.

Gage: That shall be my charge my Lord. *(Exit Gage.)*

Suff: Oh me my Lords, her state is wondrous hard,
I haue scene the day, my hand ide not haue lent
To bring my Soueraignes Sister to the Tower:
Good my Lords, stretch your commission
To do this Princesse but some little fauour.

Shan: My Lord, my lord, let not the loue we beare the Princesse,
Incurre the Queenes displeasure, tis no dallying with matters of
Estate, who dares gaine-say the Queene?

Suff: Marry a God not I, no, no, not I;
Yet who shall hinder these my eyes to sorrow
For her sorrow: By Gods marry deere,
That the Queene could not, though her selfe were heere:
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held fowle treason,
To grieue for her hard vsage, by my soule
My eyes would hardly prooue me a true subiect:
But tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obey:
But I shall mourne, should the King and Queene say nay.

Enter Gage.

Gage: My griued Mistresse humbly thus intreats,

If you know not me,

For to remooue backe to the Common stayres,
And not to land where Traytors put to shore,
Some difference she intreates your Honors make
Twixt Christall Founayne, and fowle muddy Springs,
Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
And those whome Treasons staine did neuer blemish:
Thus she attends your answer, and sits still
Whilst her wet eyes, full many a teare dyd spill.

Suff: Marry a God, tis true and tis no reason; Lanch Bargeman,
Good Lady, land where Traytors vse to land,
And fore her guilt be proou'd, Gods marry no,
And the Queene wils it, that it should be so.

Shan: My Lord, you must looke into our Commission,
No fauors granted, she of force must land,
Tis a decree which we cannot withstand,
So tell her master *Gage*.

Exit Gage.

Suff: As good a Lady as ere England bread,
Would he that caus'd this woe, had lost his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth and Clarentia her
gentlewoman.*

Gage: Madam, you haue stept too short into the water.

Eliz: No matter where I tread,
Would where I set my foote, there lay my head,
Land Traytor-like; my foot's wet in the flood,
So shall my heart ere long be drencht in blood.

Enter Constable.

Winch: Here comes the Constable of the Tower,
This is your charge.

Const: And I receiue my prisoner, come will you goe?

Eliz: Whither my Lord, vnto a grate of Iron,
Where greife and care my poore hart shall enuiron,
I am not well,

Suff: A chayre for the Princeesse.

Const: Here's no chayre for prisoners,
Come will you see your chamber.

Eliz: Then on this stone this cold stone will I sit,
I needes must say you hardly me intreate,
When for a chayre, this hard stone is my seat.

Suff.

you know no bodie.

Sus: My Lord, you deale too cruelly with the Princess,
You knew her father, shee's no stranger to you.

Tam: Madam it raynes.

Sus: Good Lady take my cloake.

Eliz: No let it alone: See gentle-men,

The pitious heauens weepes teares into my bosome,
On this cold stone I sit, raine in my face,
But better heere, than in a worser place
Where this bad man will lead me.

Clarentia: Reach my booke, now leade me where you please
From sight of day; or in a dungeon; I shall see to pray.

Sus: Nay, nay, you need not bolt and locke so fast, *Exit Eliz:*
Shee is no starter; honorable Lords,
Speake to the Queene she may haue some release. *Gage: Claren:*
Consta:

Enter Constable.

Const: So, so, let me alone, let me alone to coope her,
He vse her so, the Queene shall much commend
My diligent care.

Ham: Where haue you left the Princess?

Const: Where she is safe ynough I warrant you,
I haue not graunted her the priuiledge
Of any walke, or garden, or to ope
Her windowes, casements to receiue the ayre.

Sus: My Lord, my lord, you deale without respect,
And worse than your Commission can mainrane.

Const: My Lord, I hope I know my office well,
And better than your selfe within this place,
Then teach not me my dutie, shee shalbe vsd so still,
The Queene commaunds, and ile obay her will,

Sus: But if this tinae should alter, marke me well,
Could this be answer'd, could it fellowe Peeres?
I thinke not so.

Const: Tush, tush, the Queene is yong likely to beare
Of her owne body a more royall heyre.

Enter Gage.

Gage: My Lords the Princess humbly entreats,
That her owne seruants may beare vp her dyet;
A company of base vntutor'd slaues,

If you know not me,

Whose hands did neuer serue a Princeesse boord,
Doe take that priuiledge,

Const: Twas my appoint ment, and it shall be so.

Suff: Gods marry deere, but it shall not be,
Lord *Howard* ioyne with me, wee to the king.

Enter souldiers with dishes.

Gage. Stay good my Lords for instance, see they come,
If this be seemely, let your honours iudge.

Suff. Come, come my Lords, why doe we stay so long,
The Queenes high fauour shall amend this wrong.

Const: Now sir, what haue you got by your
complayning, you common finde-fault; what, is
your Mistresse stomacke so queasie? our honest
souldiers must not touch her meat, then let her fast:
I know her stomacke will come downe at last.

*Exeunt omnes,
prater const.
and Gage.*

*Enter souldiers with more dishes, Gage takes
one from them.*

Gage. Vntutor'd slave, Ile ease thee of this burthen,
Her highnesse scornes to touch the dishe
Her seruants brings not vp.

Const. Presume to touch a dish, ile lodge thee there
Where thou shalt see no sunne for one whole yeare: *Exit: Const.*

Gage: I would to God you would, in any place *& souldiers.*
Where I might liue from thought of her disgrace.

O thou all-seeing heauens, with pitious eyes,
Looke on th'oppressions of their crueltie!

Let not thy truth, by falshood be oppressd,

But let her vertues shyne and giue her rest,

Confound the sleights, and practise of those men,

Whose pride doe kicke against thy seat of heauen.

Oh draw the courtaines from their filthy sinne,

And make them loath the hell which they liue in.

Prosper the Princeesse, and her life defend,

A glorious comfort to her troubles send.

If euer thou hadst pitie, heare my prayer,

And giue releasement to a Princes care.

*Exit Gage.
A dumbe*

You know no bodie.

A dumbe show. Enter sixe with Torches.

Tame and Shandoyse, bare-headed, *Philip* and *Mary* after them: then *Winchester*, *Beningfield*, and *Attendants*: at the other doore *Suffex* & *Howard*, *Suffex* delivers a petition to the king, the king shewes it to the Queene, she shews it to *Winchester* and to *Beningfield*: they storme, the king whispers to *Suffex*, and raises him and *Howard*, giues them a petitiō; they take their leaues and depart, the king whispers a litle to the Queene.

Exeunt.

Enter Constable and Gage.

Gage: The Princess thus in treats you honor'd Lord,
She may but walke in the lifetenants garden,
Or els repose her selfe in the Queenes Lodgings:
My honor'd Lord, grant this as you did loue
The famous *Henry* her deceased father.

Const. Come, talke not to me for I am resolu'd,
Nor lodging, garden, nor lieftenants walkes
Shall here be granted, shee's a prisoner.

Gage. My Lord, they shall.

Const. How, shall they knaue?

Gage. If the Queene please, they shall.

A noble and right reuered Counsellor,
Promist to begge it of her Maiestie:
And if she say the word, my Lord she shall.

Const. I, if she say the word, it shall be so:
My Lord of *Winchester* speakes the contrary,
So do the Clergie they are honest men.

Gage: My honor'd Lord, why should you take delight
To torture a poore Lady innocent?
The Queene I know when she shall heare of this,
Will greatly discommend your crueltie.

You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well,
You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare,
And can you hate the sister hee best lou'd?

You serue her sister, she esteemes you hie,
And you may liue to serue her ere you dye:
And therefore good my Lord, let this preuaile,
Onely, the casements of her window ope.

C 4.

Whereby

If you know not me,

Whereby she may receiue fresh gladsome ayre.

Const: O you preach well to deafe men! no, not I;
So letters may fly in, Ile none of that,
She is my prisoner, and if I durst,
But that my warrant is not yet so strickt,
Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eyes
Should not haue light to read her prayer booke;
So would I danger both her soule and body,
Cause she an alyen is to vs chatholiques,
Her bed should be all snakes, her rest dispayre,
Torture should make her curse her faithles prayer.

Enter Suffex, Howard, and seruants.

Suff: My lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,
The prisoner Pr ncesse should haue all the vse
Of the lieftenants garden, the Queens lodgings,
And all the libertyes this place affords.

Const: What meanes her grace by that?

Suff: You may goe aske her and you will my Lord;
Moreouer tis her highnes funder pleasure,
That her sworne seruants shall attend on her,
Two gentlemen of her Ewry, two of her Pantry,
Two of her Kitchin, and two of her wardrobe,
Besides this gentleman here master Gage.

Const: The next wilbe her freedome, oh this madds me.

How: Which way lyes the Princesse.

Const: This way my Lord.

How: This wilbe glad tydings; come let's tell her grace.

Gage: Wilt please your honor, let my Lady (Exit omnes
Walke in the leiftenants garden, (preter Constable & Gage.

Or may but see the lodgings of the Queene,
Or ope the casements to receiue fresh ayre,
Shall she my Lord? shall she this freedome vse?
She shall: for you can neither will nor chuse.
Or shall she haue some seruants of her owne?
To attend on her? I pray let it be so:

And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,
I pay deny not what you needes must graunt.

Exit Gage.

Const: This base groome flowts me, oh this frets my heart!

These

you know no bodie.

These knaues will ier vpon their priuiledge,
But yet ile vex her, I haue found the meanes:
Ile haue my Cookes to dresse my meat with hers,
And euery officer my men shall march,
O that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,
Oh it would feed me, doe my soule much good.

Enter the Clowne beating a souldier, & Exeunt.

Then enter the Cooke beating another.

Const. How now, what meane the fellow?

Cooke. Audacious slaue presuming in my place.

Const. Sir, t'was my pleasure, and I did command it.

Cooke. The proudest he that keepes within the Tower,
Shall haue no eye into my priuate office.

Const. No sir; why? say tis I.

Cooke. Be it your selfe or any other here,
Ile make him suppe the hottest broth I haue.

Const. You will not.

Cooke. Zounds I will:

I haue beene true to her, and will be still.

Exit Cooke.

Const. Well, Ile haue this amended er't be long,
And venge my selfe on her for all their wrong.

Ex. omnes.

Enter a Boy with a Nose-gay:

Boy. I haue got another Nose-gay for my yong Lady,
My Lord said I should be soundly whipt
If I were scene to bring her any more,
But yet ile venture once againe, she is so good,
Oh heer's her chamber, Ile call and see if she be stirring,
Where are you Lady?

Enter Eliz.

Eliz. Welcome sweet boy, what hast thou brought me there?

Boy. Madam, I haue brought you another Nose-gay,
But you must not let it be seen, for if it be,
I shall be soundly whipt, indeed I shall.

Eliz. God a mercie boy, heer's to requite thy loue. *Exit Eliz.*

*Enter Constable, Suffex, Haward, and
Attendants.*

Const. Stay him, stay him: oh haue I caught you sir,

D

Where

If you know not me,

Where haue you beene?

Boy: To carry my yong Lady some more flowers.

How: Alas my Lord a child, pray let him goe.

Const: A craftie knaue my Lords, search him for Letters,

Suff: Letters my Lord, it is impossible.

Const: Come, tell me what letter thou carriedst her,
He giue thee figgs and sugar plummes.

Boy: Will you indeede, well ile take your word,
For you looke like an honest man.

Const: Now tell me what Letters thou deliuerdst.

Boy: Faith Gaffer I know no Letters but great *A*,
B, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet:
Now Gaffer will you giue me my sugar plummes?

Const: Yes marry will I, take him away,
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirra.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia.

Eliz: They keepe euen Infants from vs, they doe well,
My sight they haue too long bard, and now my smell:
This Tower hath made me fall to hufwiffry,
I spend my labours to relecue the poore,
Goe *Gage* distribute these to those that neede.

Enter Winchester, Beningfield and Tame.

Win: Madam, the Queene out of her royall bountie,
Hath freed you from the thraldome of the tower,
And now this Gentleman must be your gardyan.
I thanke her, she hath ryd me of a Tyrant.
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?
What is he Lords?

Tame: A Gentleman in fauour with the Queene:

Eliz: It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,
Is yet the Scaffold standing on Tower hill,
Whereon yong *Gilford* and the Lady *Iane* did suffer death?

Gage: Vpon my life it stands not.

Eliz: Lord *Howard*, what is he?

How: A Gendeman, tho of a sterne aspect,
Yet milde enough I hope your Grace will finde.

Eliz. Hath he not thinke you a stretch't conscience,
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

Hath

you know no bodie.

Hath he not heart thinke you to executè?

How: Defend it heauen, and Gods almightie hand,
Betwixt your grace, and such intendments stand.

Bening: Come Madame, will you goe?

Eliz. With all our heart, fare-well, fare-well,

I am freed from Lymbo, to be sent to hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cooke and Pantler.

Cooke: What storme comes next? this hath disperst vs quite
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be deny'd the presence
Of our Mistres, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controule vs.

Pant: Here will she crosse the riuier, stand in her eye,
That she may take some note of our neglected duties.

Enter three poore men.

1. Come, this way they say, the sweete Princeesse comes,
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,
As we haue.

2. They say shee's such a vertuous Princeesse, that shee'll
Except of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen
A nose-gay for her Grace, here she comes.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage and Tame.

Omnes: The Lord preferue thy sweete Grace.

Eliz: What are these?

Gage. The townesmen of the country gathered here,
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

Eliz. Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

Ben. What traytor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

Omnes: Now the Lord blesse thy sweet grace.

Benin: If they persist, I charge you soldiers stop their mouths.

Eliz: It shal not need, the poore are louing, but the rich dispise,
And though you curbe their tongue, spare them their eres:

Your loue my smart alayes not, but prolongs,
Pray for me in your hearts not in your tongues.

See, see my Lord, looke I haue stild them all,
Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

Tame: Alas, sir *Harry* these are honest countrey men,
That much reioyce to see the Princeesse well.

Bening: My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

Tame: And mine as great as yours.

Bells

Bening:

If you know not me,

Bening. Harke, harke my Lord, what Bels are these?

Gage. The Towne s-men of this village,
Hearing your highnesse passe this way,
Salutes your comming with a peale of Bels.

Bening. Traytors and knaues, ring Bels
When the Queenes enemy passeth through the Towne,
Goe set the knaues by th heeles, make their pates ring noone,
I charge thee *Barwick.* *Exit Barwick.*

Eliz. Alas poore men, helpe them thou God above,
Thus men are forst to suffer for my loue,
VWhat sayd my seruants, those that stand a'ooft?

Gage. They deeply coniur'd me out of their loues,
To know how your case goes, which these poore people second.

Eliz. Say vnto them *Tanquam Ouis.*

Bening. Come away, this lingring will be night vs.

Tame. Madam, this night your lodging's at my house,
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

Bening. How, no prisoner?

Tame. No, no prisoner, what I intend to doe, ile answere.
Madam, wil't please you goe? *Exit Eliz. Bening, & Tame.*

Cooke. Now gentle Master Vsher, what sayes my Lady?

Gage. Thus did she bid me say, *tanquam Ouis,*
Farewell, I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanqus Ovrus,* pray what's *tanqus Ovrus* neighbour?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd smell it out straight.

Cooke. My selfe hath been a Scholler, and I vaderstand
What *tanquam Ouis* meanes,

VVe sent to know how her Grace did fare,

She *tanquam Ouis* said, euen like a sheep

That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanqus Ovrus,* that I should liue to see, *tanqus Ovrus!*

2. I shall neuer loue *tanquam Ovrus* againe, for this trick.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Beningfield and Barwick his man.

Bening. *Barwick,* is this the chaire of State?

Bar. I fir, This is it.

Bening. Take it downe, and pull off my boots.

Bar. Come on fir.

Enter

You know no bodie.

Enter Clowne.

Clow: O monstrous! what a sawsie companion's this?
To pull of his bootes in the chayre of state;
He fit you a penyworth for it.

Bening: Well said *Barwick*, pull knaue.

Bar: A ha Sir. *The Clown pulls the chayre away.*

Bening: Well sayd, now't comes.

Clo: Gods pittie, I thinke you are downe, cry you marcy.

Bening: What saucy arrant Knaue art thou, how?

Clo: Not so sawcy an arrant knaue as your worship
takes me to be.

Bening: Vi lain, thou hast broke my crooper.

Clo: I am sorry 'tis no worse for your worship.

Bening: Knaue, dost flout me? *He beats him, Exeunt.*

Enter the Engl shman & Spaniard.

Spa: The wall, the wall,

Eng: Sblood *Spaniard*, you get no wall here, vnlesse you
would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

Spa: Seignior *Cauallero D'anglatero*,
I must haue the wall.

Eng: I doe protest, hadst not thou enforst it,
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs
Haue the wall, He take the paines to thrust
You into the kennell.

Spa: O base *Cauellero*, my sword and ponyard well
Try'd in *Tolledo*, shall giue thee the *Imbrocado*.

Eng: Marry and welcome sir, come on. *They fight.*

Spa: Holo, holo, thou hast giuen me *be huris the Spa-*
Tho Canuissado.

Eng: Come sir, will you any more?

Spa: Seignior *Cauellero* looke behin't thee,
A blade of *Tolledo* is drawne against thee.

He looks back, he kills him.

Enter Philip, Howard, Suffex, Constable,
and Gresham.

Phil. Hand that Ignoble groome,
Had we not beheld thy cowardize,
We should haue sworne,

If you know not me,

Such baseness had not followed vs.

Spa: Oh vntro mandado grand Emperato.

How: Pardon him my Lord.

Phil: Are you respectles of our honor Lords,
That you would haue vs bosome cowardice,
I doe protest, the great Turkes Emperie
Shall not redeeme thee from a fellons death:
What place is this my Lords?

Suff: Charing Crosse my Leige.

Phil: Then by this crosse where thou hast done this murder,
Thou shalt be hang'd, so Lords away with him. *Exit Spaniard.*

Suff: Your Grace may purchase glory from aboute,
And interloue from all your peoples hearts,
To make attone mentwixt the wofull Princeesse
And our dread soueraigne, your most vertuous Queene.

How: It were a deed worthy of memorie.

Const: My Lord she's fadious, rather could I wish
She were married to some priuate Gentleman,
And with her dower conuayd out of the land;
Then here to stay and be a mutiner,
So may your highnesse state be more secure:
For whilst she liues, warres and commotions,
Foule insurrections will be set abroch,
I thinke twere not a misse to take her head:
This Land would be in quiet were she dead.

Suff: O my Lord you speake not charitably.

Phil: Nor will we Lords embrace his heedles counsell,
I doe protest as I am king of Spaine,
My vtmost power ile stretch to make them friends,
Come Lords let's in, my loue and wit ile try
To end this iarre; the Queene shall not deny. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth, Beringfield, Clarentia, Tame,

Gage and Barwicke.

Eliz. What fearefull terror doth assaile my heart?
Good Gage come higher and resolute me true
In thy opinion; shall I out-lieue this night?
I pre thee speake.

Gage: Out lieue this night, I pray Madam why?

Eliz.

You know no bodie.

Eliz: Then to be plaine, this night I looke to die.

Gage: O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes:
That God that made you, will protect you still
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

Eliz: My heart is fearefull.

Gage: O my honor'd Lord,
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,
Speake, shall my Ladie out-liue this night, or no?

Tame: You much amaze me sir, else heauen forefend.

Gage: For if we should : imagine any plot,
Pretending to the hurt of our deere Mistresse,
I and my fellowes though farre vnable are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame: And I with you would spend my deereft blood,
To doe that vertuous Ladie any good.

Sir Harrie, now my charge I must resigne,
The Ladie's wholly in your custodie,
Yet vse her kindly as she well deserues,
And so I take my leaue, Madam adue.

Eliz: My honor'd Lord farewell, vnwilling I
With griefe and woe must continue,
Helpe me to some inke and paper good *Sir Harrie*.

Bening: What to doe Madam?

Eliz: To write a letter to the Queene my Sister.

Bening: I finde not that in my Commission.

Eliz: Good Iaylor vrge not thy Commission.

Bening: No Iaylor, but your Guardian Madam,

Eliz: Then reach me pen and inke.

Bening: Madam I dare not, my Commission serues not.

Eliz: Thus you haue driuen me off from time to time,
Still vrging me with your Commission.
Good Iaylor be not so seuer.

Bening: Good Madam I entreat you loose that name
Of Iaylor, twilbe a by- word to me and my posteritie,

Eliz: As often as you name your Commission,
So often will I call you Iaylor.

Bening: Say I should reach you pen, inke and paper,
Who ist dare beare a letter sent from you?

Eliz.

If you know not me,

Eliz: I doe not keepe a seruant so dishone ft,
That would deny me that.

Bening: Who euer dares, none shall.

Gage. Madame, impose the Letter to my trust,
Were I to beare it through a field of pikes,
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusht,
Ide make my passage through the mid't of them,
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

Bening: Baddy of me, what a bould knaue's this?

Eliz: *Gage* leaue me to my selfe:

Thou euerliuing power that guid'st all harts,
Giue ro my pen a true perswasive stile,
That it may moue my impacient sisters eares,
And vrge her to compassionate my woe.

Shee writes:

Bening *field* takes a booke and looks into it.

Bening: What ha's she written here?

He reads.

Much suspected by me, nothing proou'd can be:

Finis *quoth Elizabeth* the Prisoner.

Marry a God; what's here an English bible?

Sanctum Maria, pardon this prophanation of my heart,
Water *Barwick*, water, Ile meddle with't no more.

Eliz: My heart is heauie, and mine eyes doe close,
I am wearie with writing, sleepy on the sudden,
Clarentia, leaue me, and command some musicke
In the with-drawing chamber.

Shee/sleepes

Bening: Your Letter shall be soorth comming Ladie,
I will peruse it ere it scape me now.

Exit Bening.

A Dumb show.

Enter *Winchester*, *Constable*, *Barwick*, and *Fryars*: at the other
dore, 2. *Angels*: the *Fryars* steps to her, offering to kill her:
the *Angels* driue them back. *Exeunt*. The *Angel* opens the
Bible, & puts it in her hands; *Exeunt Angels*: shee wakes.

Eliz: O God, how pleasant was this sleepe to me!
Clarentia, saw'st thou nothing?

Cla: Madame, not I;

I neare slept soundlier for the time.

Eliz. Nor herd'st thou nothing?

Cla: Neither Madame.

Eliz:

you know no bodie.

Eliz. Did'st not thou put this Booke into my hand?

Clia: Madam not I.

Eliz: Then twas by inspiration, heauen I trust
With his eternall hand, will guide the iust.
What Chapt'r is this? *Who so putteth his trust in the Lord,*
Shall not be confounded:

My Sauour thanks, on thee my hope I build,
Thou lou'st poore Innocents, and art their shield.

Enter Beningfield, and Gage.

Bening: Here haue you writ a long excuse it seemes,
But no submission to the Queene your sister,

Eliz: Should they submit that neuer wrought offence?
The lawe will alwaies quit wrong'd Innocence:

Gage, take my letter, and to the Lords commend my humble duty.

Gage: Madam I flie,
To giue this letter to her Maiestie:
Hoping when I returne,

To giue you comfort that now sadly mourne. *(Exeunt omnes*

Bening: I doe write and send, Ile crosse you still; *(præter Ben:*

She shall not speake to any man aliue,
But Ile ore-heare her, no letter nor no token
Shall neuer haue accessie vnto her hands,
But first Ile see it;

So like a subiect to my Soueraignes state,
I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne: O Sir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,
Yonders one in the Garden with the Prince.

Bening: How knaue, with the Princeesse? she parted euen now,

Clowne. I sir, that's all one, but she no sooner came into the
Garden, but he leapt ore the wall, and there
They are together busie in talke Sir.

Bening: Heer's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow:

Goe take a Guard and apprehend them straight. *(Exit Clowne)*

Bring them before me,

O this well found out,

Now will the Queene commend my diligent care,
And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.

E

Ha,

If you know not me,

Ha, traitors swarme so neere about my house,
Tis time to looke into't;
O well sayd *Barwicke*,
Wher's the Prisoner?

*Enter Clowne, Barwicke, and Souldiers, leading
of a Goat, his sword drawne.*

Clow: Here he is in a liring my Lord.

Bening: Lord blesse vs, knaue what hast thou there?

Clow: This is he I told you was busie in talke with the *Princesse*:
What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Bening: VVhy knaue, this is a beast.

Clo: So may your worship be for any thing I know,

Bening: What art thou knaue?

Clow: If your worship does not remember me,
I hope your worships crooper doth:

But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow,
Who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like,
He may be a kinne to you.

Bening: A kinne to me, knaue Ile haue thee whipt.

Clow: Then your worship will cree quittance with my
Posteriors for misvsing of yours.

Bening: Nay, but doeſt thou flout me still? *(He beats him.)*
Exeunt.

*Enter Winchester Gresham with paper,
Constable with a Pursenant.*

Gresh: I pray your Honor to regard my haſt.

Winch: I know your businesse, and your haſt ſhall ſtay,
As you were ſpeaking my Lord *Constable*.

Const: When as the King ſhall come to ſeale theſe writs.

Gresh: My Lord you know his highneſſe treaſure ſtaies,
And cannot be transported this three months,
Vnleſſe that now your honor ſeale my warrant.

Winch: Fellow what then? This warrant that concerne
The *Princesſe* death, ſhuffle in amongst the reſt,
Hee'le nere peru'ſt.

Gresh: How, the *Princesſe* death? thanks heaven,
By whome I am made a willing inſtrument her life to ſaue,
That may liue crown'd when thou art in thy graue.

Winch:

you know no bodie.

Winch: Stand readie pursuant,

(Exit Gresham)

That when tis sign'd,
Thou mayst be gone, and gallop with the winde.

Enter Phillip, Suffex, and Gage.

Phil: Our Chancellor Lords, this is our sealing day,
Thus our states businesse; is our signet there?

Enter Howard, and Gresham as he is sealing.

How: Stay your Imperiall hand, let not your scale imprint
(Deaths impress in your sisters heart,

Phil: Our sisters heart! Lo: *Howard* what means this?

How: The Chancellor and that iniurious Lord,
Can well expound the meaning.

Winch: Oh chance accurst, how cam he by this notice?
Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,
And we in vaine pursue it.

Phil: Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not faire,
See Lords, what writs affords it selfe
To the impress of our scale.

Suff: See my Lord, a warrant for the Princeesse death
Before she be conuicted, what iugling call you this?
See, see for Gods sake.

Gage: And a Pursuant readie to post away with it,
To see it done with speed,
What flintie breast could brooke to see her bleed?

Phil: Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogatiue
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

Suff: VVhose plot was this?

How: The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

Suff: How was't reueald?

How: By this Gentleman master *Gresham* the Kings Agent here.

Suff: He hath shewed his loue to the King and Queens maiestie,
His seruice to his Countrey, and care of the Princeesse.

Gresh: My dutie to them all.

Phil: In stead of charging of the Sheriffes with her,
VVe here discharge her keeper *Beningfield*:
And where we should haue brought her to the blocke,
VVe now will haue her brought to *Hampton Court*,
There to attend the pleasure of the Queene.

If you know not me,

The Pursuiuant that should haue posted downe
With tydings of her death,
Beare her the messuage of her reperiued life,
You master Gage assist his speed, a good daies worke we ha made,
To rescue Innocence so soone betrayd.

Enter Clowne and Clarentia.

Clo: Whether goe you so fast Mistresse *Clarentia*?

Cla: A milking.

Clo: A milking! that's a poore office for a Madam.

Cla: Better a Milk-maid free, than a Madam in bondage,
Oh had'st thou heard the Princeesse yesternight,
Sitting within an arbor all alone to heare a Milke-maid sing,
It would haue moou'd a flintie heart to melt,
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,
A thousand times she with her selfe debates,
With the poore Milk-maid to exchange estates,
She was a Sempster in the tower being a Princeesse,
And shall I her poore Gentlewoman, disdain
To be a Milk-maid in the Countrey?

Clo: Troth you say true, euerie one to his fortune,
As men goe to hanging, the time hath been
When I would ha scorn'd to carie coles, but now the case is alter'd,
Euerie man as farre as his tallent will stretch.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom: Wher's Mistresse *Clarentia*? to horse to horse,
The Princeesse is sent for to the Court,
She's gone already, come let's after.

Cla: The Princeesse gone, and I left here behinde!
Come, come, our horses shall out-strip the winde.

Clo: And Ile not be long after you, for I am sure
My curtall will carry me as fast as your double Gelding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth and Gage.

Eliz: I wonder *Gage*, that we haue staid so long,
So neere the Court, and yet haue heard no newes
From our displeased sister, this more affrights me
Than my former troubles, I feare this Hampton Court
Wilbe my graue.

Gage. Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your minde.

The

You know no bodie.

The Lords I know, are still about your suit,
And make no doubt, but they will so preuaile
Both with the King and Queene, that you shall see
Their haynous anger will be turn'd to loue.

Enter Howard.

Howard. Where is the Princeesse?

Eliz. Welcome my good Lo: *Howard*, what sayes the Queene,
Will she admit me sight?

How: Madam she will, this night she hath appointed,
That she her selfe in person meanes to heare you,
Protract no time, then come let's hast away.

Exeunt.

*Enter foure Torches: Phillip, Winchester,
Howard, Shadoysse, Beningfield,
and Attendants.*

Queene. Where is the Princeesse?

How: She waights your pleasure at the Common-staires,

Quee: Vsher her in by Torch-light.

How: Gentlemen Vshers, and Gentlemen Pentioners, lights
For the Princeesse, attendance Gentlemen.

Phill: For her supposed vertues, Royall Queene
Looke on your sister with a smiling brow,
And if her fault merite not too much hate,
Let her be censur'd with all lenitie,
Let your deepe hatred end where it hegan,
She hath been too long banisht from the sunne.

Quee: Our fauour shalbe farre boue her desert,
And she that hath been banisht from the light,
Shall once againe behold our cheerefull sight.
You my Lord shall step behind the arras,
And heare our conference, wee le shew her Grace,
For there shines too much mercie in your face.

Phill: We beare this mind, we errors would not feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see Innocents bleed.

Quee: Call the Princeesse.

(Exeunt for the Princeesse,

Phillip behind the arras.

Enter all with Elizabeth.

All forbear this place, except our sister now. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

Eliz: That God that rais'd you, stay you, and protect

If you know not me,

You from your foes, and cleere me from suspect.

Quee: Wherefore doe you cry?

To see your selfe so low, or vs so hie.

Eliz: Neither dread Queene, mine is a womanish teare,
In part compeld by ioy, and part by feare :

Ioy of your sight, these brinish teares haue bread,
For feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

Quee: Sister, I rather thinke the're teares of spleen.

Eliz: You were my sister, now you are my Queen.

Quee: I that's you grieue.

Eliz: Madame, he was my foe, and not your friend
That hath possesst you so, I am as true a

Subiect to your Grace, as any liues this day:

Did you but see,

My heart it bends farre lower then my knee.

Quee: We know you can speake well : will you submit?

Eliz: My life Madam I will, but not as guiltie,

Should I confesse

Fault done by her, that neuer did transgresse?

I ioy to haue a sister Queene so royall.

I would it as much please your Maiestie,

That you enioy a sister that's so true :

If I were guiltie of the least offence,

Madame, 'twould taint the blood euen in your face;

The treasons of the father, being noble,

Vnnobles all your children: let your grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

What ere my greatest enemies can deuise:

And when they all haue done their worst, yet I

Will your true subiect and true sister dye.

Phil. Myrror of vertue, and bright natures pride, *(behind the arras.*
Pittie it had been, such beautie should haue dy'd.

Quee: You'le not submit, but end as you begin.

Eliz: Madam to death I will, but not to sinne.

Quee: You are not guiltie then?

Eliz: I thinke I am not.

Quee: I am not of your mind.

Eliz: I would your highnesse were.

Quee:

You know no bodie.

Quee. How meane you that.

Eliz. To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleere.

Quee. You haue been wrong imprison'd then?

Eliz. Ile not say so.

Quee. What ere we thinke, arise and kisse our hands.

Say God hath rais'd you friends.

Eliz. Then God hath kept his promise.

Quee. Promise, why?

Eliz. To raise them friends that on his word relie.

Enter Philip.

Phil. And may the heauens applaud this vnitie;
Accurst be they that first procur'd this wrong,
Now by my crowne, you haue been kept downe too long.

Quee. Sister this night your selfe shall feast with me,
To morrow for the countrey you are free,
Lights for the Princessse, conduct her to her chamber. *Exit Eliz.*

Phil. My soule is ioyfull that this peace is made:
A peace that pleaseth heauen and earth, and all,
Redeeming captiue thoughts from captiue thrall,
Faire Queene, the serious busines of my father
Is now at hand to be accomplished,
Of your faire sight I needs must take my leaue,
Returne I shall, tho parting cause vs grieue.

Quee. Why should two harts be for't to separate,
I know your busines, but beleue me sweete,
My soule diuines we neuer more shall meete.

Phil. Yet faire Queene hope the best I shall returne,
Who met with ioy, tho now sadly mourne. *Exeunt Phil. & Queene.*

Bening. What, droopes your honour?

Winch. Oh, I am sicke.

Const. Where lyes your grieue?

Winch. Where yours and all good subiects els should lye,
Neere at the heart, this confirmation I doe greatly dread,
For now our true religion will decay,
I doe diuine, who euer liues seuen yeare,
Shall see no Religion here, but heresye.

Bening. Come, come my Lord, this is but for a shew,
Our Queene I warrant wishes in her heart,

Her

If you know not me,

Her sister Princeſſe were without her head.

Winch: No, no my Lords, this peace is naturall,

This combination is without deceit,

But I will once more write to incenſe the Queene,

The plot is layd, thus it ſhalbe perform'd:

Sir *Harrie*, you ſhall goe attach her ſervant

Vpon ſuſpition of ſome treacherie,

Wherein the Princeſſe ſhall be acceſſarie:

If this doe faile, my pollicy is downe.

But I grow faint, the feauer ſtaies on me,

Death like a vulture tyres vpon my heart,

Ile leaue you twoo to proſecute this drift,

My bones to earth I giue, t heauen my ſoule I liſt.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gage, and Clarentia.

Gage. Madam *Clarentia*, is my Ladie ſtirring?

Cla: Yes maſter *Gage*, but heauie at the heart,

For ſhe was frighted with a dreame this night,

She ſayd, ſhe dream'd her ſiſter was new married,

And ſat vpon a high Emperiall throne:

That ſhe her ſelfe was caſt into a dungeon,

Whence enemies environ'd her about,

Offering their weapons to her naked breaſt;

Nay they would ſcarcely giue her leaue to pray,

They made ſuch haſt to hurry her away.

Gage. Heauen ſhield my miſtreſſe, and make her friends increaſe,
Conuert her foes, eſtate her in true peace.

Cla: Then did I dreame of weddings, and of flowers,

Me thought I was within the fineſt Garden,

That euer mortall eye did yet behold,

Then ſtraight me thought ſome of the chiefe were pickt

To dreſſe the Bride, O'twas the rareſt ſhowe

To ſee the Bride goe ſmiling longſt the ſtreets,

As if ſhe went to happines eternall.

Gage. Oh moſt vnhappy dreame, my feare is now

As great as yours, before it was but ſmall,

Come let's goe comfort her, that ioycs vs all.

Exeunt.

Enter

you know no bodie.

Enter, A dumb show: six Torches.

Suffex bearing the Crowne, *Howard* bearing the Scepter, the *Constable* the Mace, *Tams* the Purse, *Shandoyse* the Sword, *Phillip* and *Mary*; after them the *Cardinall Poole*, *Beningfield* and *Attendants*: *Phillip* and *Mary* confers; he takes leaue, and *Exit*. Nobles bring him to the dore, and returne; she falles in a Swound; they comfort her; a dead march. Enter foure with the herse of *Winchester* with the Scepter & Purse lying on it, the *Queene* takes the Scepter and Mace, and giues it *Cardinall Poole*; a sennet, and *Exeunt Omnes, preter Suffex*.

Suff: *Winchester's* dead, O God vppō euen at his death,
He shewd his malice to the sweete young Princesse,
God pardon him, his soule must answere all,
Shee's still preferu'd, and still her foes do fall,
The *Queene* is much beforted on these Prelates,
For ther's another rays'd mote base then he,
Poole that Arch, for truth and honesty.

Enter Beningfield.

Ben: My Lord of *Suffex* I can tell ill newes,
The *Cardinall Poole* that now was firmly well,
Is sodenly false sicke and like to dye.

Suff: Let him goe, why, then ther's a fall of Prelates,
This realme will neuer stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleare ruinate,

Enter Constable.

Const: S r *Harry*, doe you heare the whispering in the Court,
They say the *Queene* is crazy, very ill.

Suff: How heard you that?

Const: Tis common through the house.

Enter Howard.

How: Tis a sad Court my Lord.

Suff: What's the matter: say how fayres the *Queene*?

How: Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,
Or els for greife at *Winchesters* deace,
Or els that *Cardinall Poole* is todaynely dead,
I cannot tell, but shee's exceeding sicke.

F

Suff:

If you know not me,

Suff: The state begins to alter.

How: Nay more my Lord, I came now from the presence,
I heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Suff: Gods will be done; whose with the Queene, my Lord?

How: The Duke of *Norfolke*, the Earle of *Oxford*,
The Earle of *Arundell*, and diuers others,
They are with-drawne into the inward chamber,
There to take counsell, and intreat your presence.

Su: Wee'le waight vpon their Honors. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia aboue.

Eliz: O God, my last nights dreame I greatly feare,
It doth preface my death, good matter *Gage*
Looke to the path-way that doth come from the Court,
I looke each minute for deaths messenger,
Would he were here now, so my soule were pure,
That I with patience might the stroke endure.

Gage: Madam I see from farre a horse-man comming,
This way he bends his speed, he comes so fast
That he is couered in a cloud of dust,
And now I haue lost his sight, he appeares againe,
Making his way ouer Hill, Hedge, Ditch and Plainc;
One after him; they two strue,
As on the race they had wagerd both their liues,
Another after him.

Eliz: O God what meanes this hast?
Pray for my soule, my life cannot long last.

Gage: Strange and miraculous, the fust being at the gate,
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his rider.

Eliz: This same is but a prologue to my death,
My heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

Enter sir Henry Karem.

Kar: God saue the Queene, God saue Elizabeth.

Eliz: God saue the Queene, so all good Subiects say:
I am her Subiect, and for her still I pray.

Kar: My horse did you allegiance at the gate,
For there he broke his necke, and there he lyes,
For I my selfe had much a doe to rise,

The

you know no bodie.

The fall hath brus'd me, yet I liue to cry,
God blesse your grace, God blesse your maiesty.

Gage: Long liue the *Queene*, long liue your maiesty.

Eliz: This newes is sweete, my hart was fore affraid:
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

Karew: Thanks to your maiesty, happy be my tongue,
That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter sir Iohn Bracket.

Broc: Am I preuented in my hast, O chance accurst!
My hopes did sooth me that I was the first;
Let not my duty be ore swayd by spleene,
Long liue my Soueraigne, and God saue my *Queene*.

Eliz: Thanks good Sir *Iohn*, we will deserue your loue.

Enter Howard.

How: Though third in order, yet the first in loue,
I tender my allegiance to your Grace,
Liue long faire *Queene*, thrise happy be your raigne,
He that in-states you, your high state mayntaine.

Eliz: Lord *Howard* thanks, you euer were our frend,
I see your loue continues to the end,
But cheefly thanks to you my Lord of *Hunsdon*.

How: Meaning this gentleman?

Eliz: The very same;
His tongue was first proclaimer of our name:
And trusty *Gage* in token of our Grace,
We giue to you a captaine Pentioners place.

How: Madam the Counsell are here hard at hand.

Eliz: We will descend and meet them.

Karew: Let's guard our Soueraigne praying that power,
That can throw downe and rayse within an howr. *Ex. omnes*

Enter the Clowne, and one more with faggots.

Clow: Come neighbor, come away, euery man his faggot,
And his double pot, for ioy of the old *Queenes* death,
Let bells ring, and children sing,
For we may haue cause to remember
The scauenteenth day of Nouember.

Enter Lord of Tame.

Tame: How now my masters what's here to do?

If you know not me,

Clot. Fayth making Bone-fiers for icy of the newe *Queene*,
Come fir your penny, and you be a true subiect,
You'll battle with vs your faggot, weele be merry yfayth.

Tame. And you do well: and yet me thinke 'twere fit,
To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearce,
Who while she liu'd was deere vnto them all.

Clot. I, but do not you know the old prouerbe,
We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not loue her father when he liu'd,
As deerly as you ere did loue any,

And yet reioyced at his funerall:

Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him deere,

Yet once departed, ioyfully you sang,

Runne to make Bone-fiers, to proclaim your loue

Vnto the newe, forgetting still the old:

Now she is gone, how you mone for her?

Were it not fit a while to mone her herse,

And dutifully there reioyce the tother;

Had you the wisest and the louingst Prince,

That euer swayd a Scepter in the world,

This is the loue he shall haue after life:

Let Princes while they liue haue loue or feare, tis fit,

For after death, ther's none continues it.

Clot. By my fayth my Maisters, he speaks wisely,

Come, weele to the end of the lane, and there weele

Make a bonfire and be merry,

Fayth agreed, he spend my halfe-penny towards

Another faggot, rather than the new *Queene* shall

Want a bonfire.

Exeunt, manet Tame.

Tame. I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,

For you will still the strongest side defend.

Exit.

A fennet. Enter 4 Trumpetors, after them Sargeant Trumpetor with a Mace, after him Purse-bearer, *Suffex* with the Crowne, *Howard* the Scepter, *Constable* with the Cap of maintenance, *Shandoyse* with the Sword, *Tame* with the Coller and a *George*, foure Gentlemē bearing the Canapy ouer the *Queene*, two Gentlewomen bearing vp her trayne, six gentlemen *Penssioners*; the *Queene* takes state.

Omnes.

You know no bodie.

Omnes. Long liue, long raigne our Soueraigne.

Eliz: We thanke you all.

Suff: The imperiall Crowne I heere present your Grace,
With it my staffe of Office and my place.

Eliz: Whil'st we this Crowne, so long your place enioy.

How: Th'imperiall Scepter here I offer vp.

Eliz: Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

Const: This Cap of Mainetenance, I present my state
of Office, and my vtmost seruice.

Eliz: Your loue we know.

Const: Pardon me gracious Madame, twas not spleene,
But that allegiance that I ow'd my Queene.

Madame, I seru'd her truly at that day,

And I as truly will your Grace obey.

Eliz: We doe as freely pardon, as you truly seru'd:
Onely your staffe of Office weele displace,
In stead whereof, weele owe you greater Grace.

Enter Beningfield.

Bening: Long liue the Queene, long liue your Maiestie,
I haue rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tydings first; and all these heere.

Suff: You are in your loue as free as in your care,
You're come euen iust, a day after the fayre.

Eliz: What's he, my Tylor?

Bening: God preferue your Grace.

Eliz: Be not asham'd man, looke me in the face,
Who haue you now to patronize your strictnes on?
For your kindnes this I will bestow:

When wee haue one we would haue hardly vs'd
And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man,
This is a day for peace, not for vengeance fit,
All your good deeds weele quit, all wrongs remit.
Where we left off, proceed.

Shan: The sword of Iustice, on my bended knee
I to your Grace present, heauen blesse your Raigne.

Eliz: This Sword is ours, this staffe is yours againe.

Tame: This Garter with the Order of the George,
Two Ornaments vnto the Crowne of England,

If you know not me,

There present.

Eliz: Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

Gage: I Capitaine of your highnes Pensioners.

Brock: I of your Guard.

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

Eliz: Some we intend to rayle, none to displace;

Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day furde a staffe

To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,

And deserue to be employd neerer our person:

But now to you from whome we take this staffe,

Since *Cardinall Poole* is now decea'd and dead,

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,

Praying that King, that all Kings els obey.

*Sennet about the stage in order,
the Maior of London meets them.*

Maior: I from this Citty London, do present

This Purse and Bible to your maiesty,

A thousand of your faithfull Citizens

In velvet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay

To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

Eliz: We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,

Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,

You of our body and our soule haue care:

This is the Iewell that we still loue best,

This was our solace when we were distrest,

This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,

So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here vnclasp, for euer it is free:

Who lookes for joy, let him this booke adore,

This is true foode for rich men and for poore,

Who drinkes of this is certaine ne're to perish,

This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,

Lay hand vpon this Anchor euery soule,

Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;

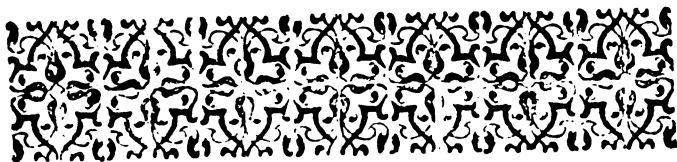
Who builds on this, dwel's in a happie state,

This

You know no bodie.

This is the fountaine cleere immaculate.
That happie yssue that shall vs succeed,
And in our populous Kingdome this Booke read,
For them, as for our owne selues we humbly pray
They may liue long and blest; so lead the way.

FINIS.



Elizabeth, [unclear] [unclear]

If you have not seen [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

B.H. Spalding wants F4

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There present.

Eliz. Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

Gage. I Captaine of your highnes Pensioners.

Brock. I of your Guard.

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

Eliz. Some we intend to rayle, none to displace;

Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a staffe

To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,

And deserue to be employd neerer our person:

But now to you from whome we take this staffe.

Since *Cardinall Poole* is now deceast and dead,

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,

Praying that King, that all Kings els obay.

*Sennet about the stage in order,
the Maior of London meets them.*

Maior. I from this Citty London, do present

This Purse and Bible to your maietty,

A thou sand of your faithfull Citizens

In veluet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay

To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

Eliz. We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,

Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,

You of our body and our soule haue care:

This is the Iewell that we still loue best,

This was our solace when we were distrest,

This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,

So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here vnclasp, for euer it is free:

Who lookes for ioy, let him this booke adore,

This is true fooode for rich men and for poore,

Who drinckes of this is certaine ne're to perish,

This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,

Lay hand vppon this Anchor euery soule,

Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;

Who builds on this, dwels in a happie state,

This

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